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'The Truth About Religion in Russia"

IN RECENT WEEKS events seem to have conspired to make more confused than ever the relations between Russia and the rest of Germany's enemies. The whole situation is now as foggy as it can be, and we would be bold indeed if we were to suggest that we possess some secret key which enables us to penetrate the fog. Yet having followed events in this theater as carefully as censorship permits, we do have the feeling that the fog is not quite as thick as it looks. Certainly it is of great importance that at the present juncture thinking about Russia should be as clear as possible, and as free as possible from prejudice and animus. Whatever happens, we may be sure that in the future world Russia will play a great rôle, and the shape of that rôle is being developed now, just as it has been developing ever since the time of Peter the Great.

The subject is not only complex, but it covers a wide range, and it seems best not to attempt to discuss the whole question in a single editorial, but rather to take up various aspects in a series of comments.

In a notable speech given in Delaware, Ohio—an excellent speech, too, in general—Vice-President Wallace discussed religion in Russia. He paid us the compliment of referring to our review of two books on this subject, which, he said, "came to the conclusion that the position of the Christian church in Russia has definitely improved." This is in no sense an unfair summary of the general tenor of our review (November 6, 1942). There is a great deal of evidence—so much that it cannot be dismissed—that since 1939 there has been a real relaxing of the time-honored Soviet anti-religious policy. Professor Timasheff, the Fordham professor who wrote one of the books reviewed, describes this as "an easing-off." For this all Christians should be grateful, since even a curtailed religious liberty is better than none at all.

Current copies of most Catholic diocesan weeklies feature under sensational anti-Russian headlines a story prepared by the NCWC news service in Washington "exposing" a book published some time back in Russia. This volume bears an imposing title, "The Truth About Religion in Russia." It is a large and sumptuous production, printed in Russian, and priced at 25 roubles, which is approximately the equivalent of $6. The preface is signed by Sergius, Metropolitan *locum tenens* of Moscow, and the remainder of its authors are all clerics of the Orthodox Church resident in Russia. The general thesis of this volume is twofold: (1) The invading Germans are accused of having desecrated and destroyed Orthodox churches and of having used violence against Orthodox clergy in those portions of Russia occupied by the German army. (2) The Orthodox Church is represented as completely supporting the Russian state in the present conflict, and persecution of the church in Russia is declared to be non-existent in the present and is minimized in the past. The NCWC article contains a summary of a somewhat wild attack on this volume published in a Swiss Catholic newspaper, and then quotes at length from this same criticism, which reads like an ill-aimed anti-Bolshevik broadside. There is no question but what in essence if not in detail this criticism—which requires considerable technical knowledge on the part of the reader—is valid. "The Truth About Religion in Russia" unquestionably violates and distorts historical truth. But what the NCWC story misses, and what badly needs pointing out, is precisely that aspect of the situation which is most disturbing of all.

In THE COMMONWEAL article referred to by Mr. Wallace this likewise appeared:

> Apparently some of the Party are coming closer and closer to Maurras in the view that social order needs a church (in whose creed, of course, the élite need not believe). Obviously if you have to have Christianity, it is better to have a form of it you can control, bishops you can appoint, etc., than to have to deal with the supernational and largely uncontrollable Vatican. In other words the Church as an administrative agency of the State again looms up on the horizon . . . shades of Peter the Great!

Recent reports in the press tell of contributions amounting to millions of roubles made by various Church bodies in Russia toward equipping with weapons a Red Army division named after a Rus-

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sian saint, Dmitry Donskoi.

Now why should a group of high Orthodox dignitaries not only produce an elaborate volume intended to indicate their support for the Stalin régime, but also raise very handsome sums of money to buy weapons for Russian soldiers? It seems to us that the real significance of these facts is precisely what was indicated in the sentences quoted from the November 6 COMMONWEAL article.

In brief, the Soviet State has decided that it is better to try to make the Orthodox Church an agency of that State, subservient to that State, than to try to destroy religion in Russia. And Orthodox prelates have been ready to bless the arrangement. The implications of this are far reaching. From one point of view the change is to the good, since it may permit Christianity to exist without persecution. But the implications are also very bad, since the failure to keep separate the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's has historically been the devil's worst snare for Christians acting as social and political groups.

Latest Anti-Catholic Flurry

APPARENTLY the *New Republic* has embarked upon a new campaign against the Church. "The Catholic Issue" by George P. West (March 1) begins it. Mr. West says he wants to encourage progressive Catholics such as Monsignor Ryan, with whom he normally agrees politically, and at the same time to establish a fighting anti-Catholic pressure group. He feels the time has come.

Mr. West has a patterned thesis into which he tries to squeeze the facts. His tale goes back to the irresponsible twenties, when so many Americans were crossing the seas to submit to the "spell of mellowed stone and stained glass and the frescoes" and other relicts of a distant past. During the same happy period many of the American élite also from time to time had the delightful experience of meeting a cultivated Catholic priest right here at home. In fact never were Catholics more popular with their fellow-Americans of a discriminating and liberal tinge. This growing harmony reached its peak during the 1928 presidential campaign when in the name of toleration such liberals as Clarence Darrow, John Dewey and George P. West cheered lustily from the Al Smith bandwagon. Everybody was happy.

But here Mr. West's story takes a tragic turn. Catholics became embittered by the defeat of the Happy Warrior and embarked upon a period of "organized assertion and aggression" with the Anti-Saloon League as a model. Then, of course, the most reactionary and bigoted Catholic leaders came to the top. Church censorship became more vigorous, and the State Department in some mysterious and sinister fashion was prevented from aiding the Loyalists of Spain and an alliance with "the reactionary business community" was contracted. So today American liberals are alarmed about the Church and something must be done, as per above. The good old days are gone.

At times his tone belies his plea that "this discussion be carried on with the utmost good will" and, as will be indicated anon, the *New Republic* has far from heeded this injunction. But the main difficulty with Mr. West's neat little fable is that it does not square with the facts. The reason that our government stuck to non-intervention in Spain was simply that at that time the American people were determined not to be dragged into any more European wars. Catholic influence with the State Department was so negligible that the Catholic papers in their Francoism were continually criticizing American foreign policy. So much for one of his chief allegations of fact. Where Mr. West's ignorance about the Church in America is most fully revealed is in his whole thesis about the direction in which the Church has tended during the past fifteen years. He betrays woeful ignorance of such phenomena as the extraordinary growth of Catholic labor schools, the ACTU, the influence of the *Catholic Worker,* the emphasis on sociology and other highly constructive developments in our seminaries, the program of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, the interest in credit unions and other cooperatives stimulated by the Antigonish movement, the effect of Pius XI's encyclicals—all within the past fifteen years. Mr. West's thesis simply isn't true.

In fairness it must be stated that there is today a greater proportion of Catholics of wealth in America than there was in 1900, and there has certainly been a great increase in "middle class" mentality, often a very reactionary mentality. This has arisen as part of the natural process whereby formerly exploited and poor economic groups have bettered their lot—a phenomenon more American than it is Catholic. That may partially explain the unwelcome defense of Catholics by columnist George E. Sokolsky (to whom the reading of the social encyclicals is strongly recommended). The columnist declares that "the way of life which has brought man generally the greatest happiness is a competitive society . . ."

The *New Republic* for March 8 features a bitter attack on Pope Pius XII by Gaetano Salvemini, whom everyone knows to be the most extreme of Italian anti-clericals. There is no space to deal with his detailed allegations here. Then the March 15 *New Republic* carries a sensational half-page advertisement showing Mussolini and Hitler saluting the insignia of the Papacy. Whatever the point is, the flurry is on. All in all this series is indicative of the anti-Catholic feeling that is growing in certain circles here.

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Jigsaw

ON THE COVER of the box there would be a colored print of a romantic castle with swans in a moat and trees in the park with people walking beneath the trees and children playing. There would be a portcullis and a knight in armor and a horse. And one would empty the box on the table and in the evenings under the lamp one would fit the picture together. All the pieces were there, cut with a jigsaw, and there was no use forcing them to fit where they did not fit. Some pieces obviously were part of the castle, some were parts of trees, some were white and they would be part of a swan; it took patience to fit them together but finally the last piece fell into place and the pieces all ingeniously cut into various and meaningless shapes—with the colored paper pasted on top of the wood—would lie there, all joined together on the table under the lamp light, and the picture of the castle, the swans, the trees would be complete.

That is what we are trying to do with the world.

There is a preexistent unity, a preexistent picture. Man is bound in the union of his origin and destiny. The earth, the continents and the seas are one because they nourish man, they are man's earth, man's seas; they are one as if they were one field, one brook, one house. It does not matter whether Atlantis existed or did not exist, or that the coastline of South America looks as if it had been broken off from the coastline of Africa; it is not essential to know when the cleavage came which separated Africa from Europe, Africa from America, America from Asia; it is not necessary to know where men first lived and how and when they came to occupy more fully the globe which is theirs and by what route they traveled: no matter what glaciers impeded their progress, no matter what hatreds destroy their amity, no matter if Babylon fell, Egypt, Greece and Rome; no matter what barbarians were without what gates, no matter if now barbarians are within the gates, the unity of mankind persists in man. There are no Germans, no Greeks, no Negroes, no Jews, no Japanese: there may be living, thinking beings on some undiscovered star a trillion light years beyond Mars, beyond Saturn and these living beings may or may not be men: we do not know. But on this earth there are only men, and no difference of language, no dividing barriers, no immensity of crime, no degree of suffering or joy can separate them from their common humanity or annihilate their communion in death.

The picture has been preestablished. The pieces of the picture fit. They fit no matter with what gesture of revolt and rage they are thrown to the floor. This is not the end of the world: before the end of the world the pieces must be brought together, the design reestablished; we still are close to the world's beginning. We have not yet fully occupied the world. The immigrants came to America and they thought they had found a new world, escaped to a new world. Twice now within a fractional section of time, within a few short years, our soldiers—the immigrants' return—have crossed the seas. The great steamships, the freighters, linked us to Asia, to Europe; the troop ships, the bombers link us to Asia, to Europe. There is no escape. We thought there was a way of escaping—we of the early migrations when men came out of Asia, when the men of the north came down to Rome, when the immigrants came to America—but there is no way of escaping man's hunger, man's thirst, man's love. There is no escape from the task of putting the puzzle together. We are just at the start. For a few thousand years, known history has been the account of how men have tried to avoid the problem by a long series of migrations to places where they could leave it behind them. They could never leave it behind them. For a brief while, each time, they thought they could attend to their own lives in their new pastures, they thought they could live the tribal lives of their own ingeniously perfected nationalisms. They thought that it would be possible through war and peace, through conquest and defense to live apart, separate and isolated from other men grouped in other nationalisms—black men, white men, yellow men divided and subdivided, exploiting and exploited, into groups each with this same ideal of evasion.

We are trying to force these strangely shaped pieces of the world, which are the nations, into a picture of justice. Our enemies are those who are trying to force all nations save their own into a design of their making. That design happens to be an infamous one. Yet our own aims and design must be made closer to the preestablished design and the pieces we bring one by one—they are not bits of wood any more with the colored paper pasted on them; they are heavy when we lift them, our soldiers die to lift them—must be the real pieces of the puzzle, not pieces we have made, not pieces with which we try to cheat. The artificial nationalisms, the pieces we have made, will not fit into the real design. The only pieces that came in the box with the picture, are the men, the women, the children who live in this world for a time and who die. It is they who will make up the picture when each one of them in justice and in charity will have taken his allotted place.

It is reasonable to count on the dead, on the merits of the dead, on the immense accumulation of charity and justice among the dead, in order to establish some sort of balance in this timeless world. It is our duty to center our immediate hopes, our present action among the living. Too theoretical? Very well, I will say it straight: Feed Europe.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Notes on Fascism I

The first of three comments on Fascists.

By Georges Bernanos

I HAVE said it before. I must say it again. We cannot afford to waste too many things, to forget too many things. The swift disaster which overwhelmed France must serve as an example to the world. The world must finally make up its mind to draw the lesson of this disaster. Ten years ago, when I kept denouncing the perilous fact that the spiritual authorities were supporting a sort of mystical concept of abandonment and defeatism, a sort of defeatism made up of resignation and the idea of expiation—a concept which was used against France later on by the Vichy hypocrites—certain imposters writing in the French religious press, and who were sold out to Mussolini, accused me of impinging upon the rights of legitimate ecclesiastical authority and solemnly declared that they were entirely willing to leave to the Church alone the task of investigating the facts and of deciding as to the morality of the facts. These edifying declarations certainly enough were safe to make. For those who made them could evaluate more accurately than could anyone else the extent and the weight of the pressure their accomplices were bringing to bear on every section of Catholic opinion. Upon what factors could legitimate authority draw strength from which to resist this pressure? Certainly not from the average opinion of the great Catholic masses who were carefully kept in a sort of spiritual isolationism which was in effect more perfidious and subtle than the pragmatic isolationism of the Senators in Washington, and for whom obedience served above all as an excuse for not judging the world, a process requiring personal effort and thinking for themselves.

It is true that the pressure that we denounced in those days may appear today less insolent, but the Catholic masses, surfeited with general theoretical counsel, while for all practical purposes left without immediate and definite guidance, are probably more easily influenced than ever. It is something of a cruel joke, this business of urging the ecclesiastical authorities to take steps the import of which so easily could be distorted by fascist agents speaking to a public opinion—which only yesterday still had considerable sympathy for all the various forms of totalitarian ideology: for fascism, for the phalanx, for integralism. Is there not something closer to perfidiousness than to real solicitude in those who seek to impose upon ecclesiastical authority, whose proper characteristic is to be indulgent and paternal, responsibilities which in plain logic belong to the police? In matters of dogma and discipline it is natural and proper for spiritual leaders to denounce error and to impose sanctions. But fascism has not even yet exhausted the patience—in the case of fascism, this patience seems inexhaustible—of the censors formerly so strict about Charles Maurras. Far from having been condemned, as the *Action Française* was condemned, that is to say not only in theory but *in practice,* fascism survives, and it is indeed the *Action Française* itself which we now are forced to contemplate as one of the pillars of the French New Order—with the blessing of the hierarchy. By the time the experts and the casuists have made up their minds about the necessary distinctions between "legitimate use" and "abuse" of the rights of fascist propaganda, the war will have been long since won or lost. And should the war be lost for the same reasons which brought about my country's disaster, that is to say through the weakening and exhaustion of a national conscience poisoned by defeatism, would not the ecclesiastical authorities be perfectly justified in answering our reproaches in some such valid and ecclesiastical language as this:

"Fascism is a doctrine, but fascism is also a system. We made quite clear, we defined and condemned the dangers that lie in fascist doctrine. You knew perfectly well the dangers that lay in the system and you knew that the system sought to destroy our liberties and our lives. Why did you not defend yourselves? In what chapter of the Catechism did you ever read that your spiritual authorities are responsible for your temporal security? That fascist-minded priests caused you anxiety and mistrust, nothing seems more natural to us, since—for many reasons—they filled us also with the same mistrust, the same anxiety. But you should have understood that, had we proclaimed what we felt, we could have run the risk of seeming to dictate, or at least to suggest to the highest authority that it should take steps which it seemed little disposed to take. For that same reason it is quite likely that we would have greeted your action with a certain amount of prudence and reserve. Yet in our hearts we would have applauded your

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action and it would have been easy for us to accept it on the principle of rendering to Caesar that which belongs to Caesar. Unfortunately you, the people of France, are no longer Caesar, and, if it is true that we have lost as much as you have lost in the course of this transformation, if it is true that we are not less persecuted under the new Master than were persecuted before us our brothers in Czechoslovakia and in Poland, it remains true that the robes of peace with which we have clothed ourselves do not permit us any other course of action than to counsel ourselves publicly to be obedient and resigned. But it is not forbidden us to pray God that He may inspire you to act as men and to free our country."

The reader may possibly think that I have put some irony or even some bitterness in the words I have attributed to the hierarchy of France. The reader is mistaken but his error is understandable. Nothing is more difficult than to speak about fascism, and particularly about fascist Catholics, without appearing unjust toward brothers from whom we are separated, people say, only by differing political ideas. But people who think that this difference is merely a political difference are greatly mistaken. What is at stake is a general conception of temporal life—the fascist conception—in the name of which the same brothers who complain today about the language I use would, tomorrow, think it perfectly legitimate for me to be shot if, for instance, Pétain, following Hitler, should place me along with the Jews in the collection of what are called anti-social elements—that is to say, elements which cannot be brought into Europe's New Order. And why should I delude myself by hoping that these gentlemen will consider—when the time comes—my life to be more precious than that of an Abyssinian, of a Spanish Republican, or of a Basque priest? I have no such hopes, a fact which gives me possibly the right to face, with less anger than irony, the sort of men who are always ready to demand freedom from their adversaries in the name of the latter's principles and, when in power, to refuse it in the name of their own.

For that is the real basis of the debate. People keep speaking of the various fascisms as if it were still a question of those ideologies of the past century, as if the world were still divided between liberals and conservatives. But excuse, please, a slight interruption. Neither of these parties, of these mentalities, ever pretended to base its action on any morality other than that which for long centuries has been the morality of civilized man, while the "New Reformation"—as Léon Daudet so aptly named it—has created an entirely new morality for its own uses. Not the kind of secret moral code, carefully concealed from the non-initiated and from the profane, which the Jesuits attribute to the Free Masons, and the Free Masons attribute to the Jesuits, but a morality, a moral code, openly defined, insolently proclaimed, and of which the first precept might thus be stated: "Everything is permissible against my adversaries, that is to say against anti-social elements." I admit, of course, that there can exist no ideology, were it in appearance the most academic, the most completely innocent, which would not occasionally serve to arm a criminal, but—to return to my comparison—never would Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli or any of the men who voted for either of them, have ever imagined calling their opponents "anti-social elements," giving to this phrase the content it has in the nazi vocabulary: elements to suppress by sterilization or by death. No political party, I repeat, ever dared to separate its adversaries in such a manner from humanity. But the truth is that it is not a political party that we stand before; we face a race and a religion. In the name of this religion, the race offers this dilemma: "Believe or die!"

If these lines should be read by those men whom we are asked to appease so long as they have not been convicted of actual treachery, that is to say by those men who sympathize with crime only in their thoughts, they will say that I am being uselessly dramatic, that they are honest, inoffensive men, and they will pretend to find the whole thing very funny. Yet they will be mistaken if they laugh, for the world no longer has the heart to laugh. And if those men for whom they feel such friendship are permitted to pursue the work they have undertaken there soon will be in all the world no other laughter but that which grimaces from the skulls of the dead.

A refusal

On this particular point I must make my thought quite clear. If my sorrow and my pity did not go out first of all to the innocent victims who already are chosen for the sacrifice I should not be writing with the accents of tragedy, for, as far as I am concerned, I refuse to take the "believe or die" challenge with any seriousness at all. It will always be far easier for me to die than to be impressed by the pretentious scarecrows who now are terrifying modern society, the masquerade kings of carnival parading now in the darkest carnival that has ever taken place in history. I use the word carnival because a carnival remains a carnival even if the city drains flow with blood instead of wine or beer. Doubtless one is obliged to admit that the dictators of Europe kill a great deal—even the little dictators, those who conceal their murders from the public eye. Yet when one considers the mechanical means of destruction that modern industry places at the disposal of these purveyors of the graveyards it appears upon reflection considerably less extraordinary to be able to kill a hundred thousand men a day than it is to

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be able to manufacture the same number of pairs of shoes a day. With modern techniques, Genghis Khan, Attila, or Tamerlane would have done far better than these upstarts.

I beg forgiveness for having left my subject for a moment, but when one speaks about the events of the present it is sometimes necessary to bring them to their rightful proportion, to place them again in their proper scale, and not in that climate of hysterical terror of our society whose nervous exhaustion is appalling. For it is not the lightning-like speed of the totalitarian success which will stupefy the historians of the future, but indeed the manner of fascination which totalitarianism exerted on Europe's democracies. I have already written, and I shall not tire of writing that the attitude of the democracies in Europe up to 1939 toward the dictators has consistently recalled that of the prostitute toward the procurer who takes her money and beats her. This state of mind and soul—if I may be allowed to employ so audacious an euphemism—alone can explain the incredible indulgence still accorded, if not to the criminals themselves, at least to the mob of those who formerly admired them and who today call themselves the moderates.

O'Connell's Ireland

It was mainly American farm surpluses that destroyed the country.

By **David Marshall**

JUDGED by its effect on the Anglo-Irish nation, the legislative union with England (1801) was a tragic mistake. . . .

If England and Ireland had really been one country, one Parliament might have sufficed between them; but by every test they were two countries. One was rapidly becoming the world's greatest industrial power, fabulously wealthy; the other was an agricultural country, the overwhelming majority of whose people were poverty-stricken. And the two were not even bound together by the same law. For six hundred years Anglo-Irish law, responding normally to local influences, had been developing away from the root stock of English law; had assimilated much of Gaelic (Brehon) law. It was the tragic truth, for example, that the law of landlord and tenant was not English at all, but Irish; "codified when Britannia was a province of the Roman Empire," it was the ancient land law of the Gaelic clans. And by 1800 these differences of law were so great that executive and judicial union were out of the question. So the legislatures alone were united—and the two countries continued to be governed under two laws, under two independent judiciaries, under two separate administrative systems. It followed, of course, that their legislative problems could not possibly have been the same. And these differed so widely, in fact, that all through the nineteenth century the united Parliament at Westminster had to act separately for each of the two nations. One law was passed for England, Scotland, and Wales; and the assumption was that another law would be passed for Ireland. But unfortunately a busy Parliament, in which Ireland had only one representative in every six, rarely got round to Irish business.

As a matter of fact, Parliament scarcely ever knew what was going on in Ireland. The civil service ran the country, just as the non-commissioned officers ran so many of the British regiments till the Boer war exposed the situation; and it was not that Ireland was misgoverned, but that Ireland was hardly governed at all. Abuses went uncorrected, crimes went unpunished. And the net result of that was that popular fury made civil government more than half the time impossible; it is the astonishing truth that in 85 years following the Union, Ireland was under martial law for an aggregate of 56. So far as Parliament governed at all, it was—for at least a generation—with a view to keeping Ireland a food-producing country, the economic complement of industrialized Great Britain. So Irish industries were discouraged, in one or two instances by law suppressed and prohibited; and as the Irish population grew, the farms were divided and subdivided almost to the vanishing point, the people sank to unbelievable depths of poverty. Rightly or wrongly, the people attributed their plight to Parliament's almost total abandonment of them.

But in spite of economic disaster, the people—the still separate Gaelic nation—survived. What was destroyed utterly was the Anglo-Irish aristocracy, the proud, wealthy, dashing "Gentlemen of Ireland" who, in proportion to their number, produced more than England herself of England's great men. It is true that before the Union, many of these had been in financial straits; the large number of bankruptcies among them was one of

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the things which had made the Union seem inevitable. But it is also true that before the Union they had looked for salvation to the Gaelic people; or, let us say, to the arrangement, on the aristocratic principle, that would insure the prosperity, thenceforth, of Gael and Anglo-Irishman alike. After the Union—and, again, whatever may have been the cause—they went, as a class, headlong to the devil. Their large and rowdy hospitality, their gambling, their riotous drinking bouts, are not exaggerated in the novels of Charles Lever. And what their end would be Maria Edgeworth foretold in *Castle Rackrent*. Now in *Doomsland* a third Anglo-Irish novelist, Shane Leslie, writes their epitaph. They had got out of the Union a few titles "and enough cash to make some of them thank God they had a country to sell." But it was not enough to compensate for the surrender of control. "The bulk of Irish gentry neither deserved to be upheld or swept away, but they crumbled all the same . . . They upheld English law and English religion and English prestige, and thought that in so doing they were upholding themselves. And then storm followed storm, and England promptly and civilly let them down. England . . . found them a nuisance, and seemed slowly to envisage and encourage the day when the last should be carried into the vaults of a disestablished church, unlorded, unlanded, unhorsed and unhoused, unheard and unsung."

The religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had left the Gaelic people without an educated upper class of their own, and thus helplessly dependent on the Anglo-Irish landowners, whose estates they worked as tenant farmers or farm laborers. By the latter half of the eighteenth century, however, their condition was greatly improved as large numbers of the wealthier landlords took them into a new and warmly affectionate relationship; became on the aristocratic principle, their protectors against the economic jeopardies to which the poor of every nation are always exposed. A further improvement came about as the result of the Irish Volunteer movement. And then, amid the stress of the Napoleonic wars, England for the first time in modern history enlisted Irish Catholic troops—and made the discovery that the Gaelic Irishman has a quite unusual gift for soldiering. The Irish regiments came through those wars with glory; and the result of this, too, was to give the whole Gaelic nation a somewhat better status. No one was prouder of the new Irish soldiers, says Stephen Gwynn, than their Anglo-Irish landlords.

And amid the disasters that followed the Napoleonic wars, these landlords—sons and grandsons of the men who had stood at Grattan's side aforetime—might well have been expected to seize hold of the situation, to shoulder the responsibility for the common weal of Ireland. And, indeed, the records of the time leave no doubt that large numbers of them wished to do precisely this, and might have done so had they been able. But as individuals, without the organization of their Dublin Parliament, they could do nothing; while in the British Parliament, outnumbered five to one, they were helpless. Aristocracy is a system under which control is committed to the strong hands of a class who are learned enough to exercise it wisely, and rich enough to exercise it selflessly, for the common good of every class. But now the Anglo-Irish aristocracy—though many were losing their lands through bankruptcies brought on by tenant failures—could only weep over what they could not help. And when all is said, it was this bankruptcy of power to act, and to serve, that sealed their doom. Hardly perceptible at first, their decline became ever more obvious, ever more rapid, as time went on. And as Ireland sank lower and lower on the economic scale, there was a fateful drainage of the same sort the Gaelic Irish had long ago endured. Too many of their best brains left Ireland in search of careers; and too many of the meanest and least capable of them were left in charge of their Irish estates; and to their bankruptcy of political power was added this new spiritual bankruptcy. "Lord Castlereagh had better have cut his throat before he did," says St. John Ervine, "than live the year or two longer which enabled him to destroy the Irish Parliament."

The aristocratic ideal perished before they did. In the main, they pushed it aside—though they could hardly help themselves by now—and made a business out of the ownership of land. They allowed the tenants to compete with one another for the acres they lived by; precisely what the aristocratic code forbids. When bitterness ran high, they told the tenantry, an already conquered people, that they were also an inferior race; and they took the racial difference—which was spurious, to begin with—to justify oppression. It was wanton oppression, for the most part; for however hostile to England, the Gaelic people clung faithfully to the Anglo-Irish for a very long time. And when it came to a show-down, instead of being defenders of their people, they slowly but inexorably, by rackrent and eviction, drove the tenants away from their natural loyalty, and into a position of defense—which presently became a position of offense, though that is another story; the story, in fact, of Charles Stewart Parnell.

* * *

For the Gaelic nation, on the other hand, the first forty years after the Union was a period of aspiration unmatched in the history of any country. Grattan had heralded the day, but now was the full dawn of salvation. It was "glad, confident morning." They had everything before

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them, and all that was needed was "patience and perseverence." It was the hour of "moral force." It was the era of wild exulting, triumphal pride. It was the epoch of sound and fury and melodramatic majesty. In brief, it was the age of O'Connell.

For the first quarter of a century everything went swimmingly, and the joyous climax (1829) was Catholic Emancipation. This had been promised to the Catholic bishops thirty years earlier, in return for their approval of the Union; but as everybody had been promised everything he wanted on that famous occasion, the Catholics had no special ground for complaint. Now they were strong—strong enough to force the issue, and extort the prize; and

> Here's to the goose that grew the quill
> That signed th' Emancipation Bill!

Instantly O'Connell declared that from that day forward the fight would be for Repeal of the Union. It was true that the Emancipation Act, conferring full citizenship on the Gaelic people, took away the vote from the great mass of the Irish Parliament thirty-six years earlier. It was also true that Catholic Emancipation brought little peace to Ireland. The ubiquitous Rory of the Hills, a kind of Gaelic Robin Hood, continued to wreak vengeance on the rich oppressors of the poor; and large districts of the country were normally in the hands of terrorist associations, called ribbon lodges. "Galway," says a contemporary writer, "is bounded on the south and east by Christendom and a part of Tipperary . . ." And within a year of Catholic Emancipation, the Tithe War broke out, and there was daily fighting and bloodshed for eight years. Tithes were the taxes imposed by the State Church. . . . What made matters worse was that the proctors—the tithe collectors—worked on a percentage basis, and were dishonest. They had authority to call on the military for aid; and troops poured into Ireland in these eight years, till the army of occupation was greater than that which garrisoned India. (In the House of Commons at Westminster, so many hundreds of miles away, Sir Henry Parnell resigned from the Cabinet, launched a furious attack upon the Government; and on his motion, the Government collapsed. It was the first time in history that civil commotion in Ireland had led to the overthrow of a British administration.) But the disorders were at all times local—isolated fights in which odd groups of tenant farmers attempted to prevent the seizure of their crops. It was social protest; it was not national rebellion. O'Connell swept up and down the country denouncing violence, no matter what the aim, no matter what the provocation. Did a noisy minority call for insurrection? Brusquely O'Connell pushed aside these "men of the sword," with his *first doctrine,* that "no political change is worth the shedding of one drop of blood." And finally (1838) his policy of moral force was substantially vindicated when the tithes were made assessable, henceforth, only against landlords.

And so the people's faith in O'Connell was renewed—though it had to be admitted that the times were very bad. The end of the Napoleonic wars had been the end of high prices for farm produce, and in the trough of the depression that followed, the rents, fixed by thirty-year leases, had remained as high as ever.

And now a fateful complication arose. In 1817, just two years after the Peace of Vienna, the United States exported its first farm surplus, dumping tons of produce upon the already depressed English market. Year after year that trade was to grow prodigiously. In the end, it broke the back of English agriculture; and it was what broke the morale of the Anglo-Irish nation, causing scores of gentry to lose their estates with every passing year, and driving other scores of gentry to forget their breeding when it was a question of saving their heavily mortgaged properties. It was not all evil; America was built upon those farm surpluses that went to England. First the canals, then the mines, and then the railroads—straight through the nineteenth century and into the second decade of the twentieth England built and owned an astonishingly large part of the vast American railroad system; and the very opening of our west was in some measure engineered from London. It became an axiom of British finance that "transportation in America builds markets," and by 1873, in the interest of opening markets for British industrial products, England had a current investment in the United States of no less than $1,200,000,000—some of it in mines, but the bulk of it in railroads. It is what made possible the immense growth of the United States and the swift rise of American industry; "it allowed Carnegie, for instance, to pour his savings back into steel with the assurance that he would have coal with which to make it, and railroads to deliver it." And to pay the bankers' charges on all this money, we had for a hundred years little, if anything, beyond our annual agricultural surplus; and for us it was fortunate that this was precisely what England needed to keep low the cost of her industrial products—ever-increasing quantities of ever-cheaper food. It was fortunate for us. Just the same, it was the chief cause, though nobody seems to have paid much attention to it, of the increasing poverty and degradation of the Irish people during the first half of the nineteenth century.

From 1817 onward, things were bad enough for the Gaelic peasantry. By 1830 they had got much worse, for by that year the railways were

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operating, and the peasants' trade in salt pork was suddenly decimated. The market now was for fresh beef, and as cattle-raising is a costly enterprise, the average tenant farmer was left hopeless. . . . And his Anglo-Irish landlord seized what was often a last chance to escape the money-lenders; for he could not live, either, in a land that was being slowly wrecked by the competition of American exhaustive farming. And so the "Great Clearances" began in Ireland; slowly at first, then ever more rapidly as time went on, the landlords dispossessed their droves of small tenants, and began the raising of cattle on a large scale; and this change-over from tillage to pasturage was fraught with terrible consequences for the poor. Under the Anglo-Irish law, so different from English law, the tenant leased only the land from his landlord; and upon it built his own houses and barns, erected his own fences. And when eviction came, he was free to take with him all these "improvements," but he had no right to compensation for them; and if he chose to leave them behind, they became the property of the landlord. Normally they were destroyed to prevent the tenant's re-occupying them. The thatch was burned, the walls were razed by "crow-bar brigades," and the farmer and his family, driven into the roadway, had not the provisions of the English poor-law to save them. O'Connell demanded fair rent, fixity of tenure and free sale of the improvements, and raised a gallant cry that the Irish were not to be "debauched" by poor relief. And so Parliament had passed a poor-law for Britain, but never a corresponding law for Ireland.

And now all over Ireland "it rained evictions," and as the new cattle ranches continued spreading, the competition for farms grew savage. In 1835 it was estimated—and, allowing for all possible exaggeration, the figures are still appalling—that over two million people were in distress for thirty weeks of every year, and that a quarter of a million men, women, and children were driven every year to leave their farms and tramp the roads of Ireland to beg their food between the exhaustion of one potato crop and the digging of the next.

But all these evils were to be cured by Repeal of the Union; and this in turn was to be brought about by Moral Force. Of this everybody was certain; for never in history was a leader more trusted than O'Connell, and the people would go on with him to the end. After forty years their passionate enthusiasm had not begun to wane but, under the hammering of new adversities, was even developing new intensity. When O'Connell called, half a million men, women, and children came to attend a single mass-meeting at Tara, the ancient capital of Ireland, hundreds of thousands making the pilgrimage on foot from many a long day's journey. That was in 1843, just one hundred years ago. And so it had been almost since the century began. Agitation had followed agitation, and the shouting and clamor gripped the land, while O'Connell, this "royal and vulgar soul," poured forth his torrent of words. It was magnificent. It was appalling. All was vehemence, all was passion. O'Connell, seven feet tall and all of three hundred pounds! O'Connell, whose rich, clear voice had the music of the world! Glorious Dan O'Connell!

And he *was* glorious; never more so than on that occasion at Tara when, standing by the coronation stone of the kings, he spoke of the glories of that Ireland that was yet to be. The people were so numerous that thousands were unable to catch his voice. Yet they were silent, decorous; and the taint of rowdyism was not there. "They were assembled and they were dispersed, without disorder or tumult; they were disgraced by no drunkenness, by no crime, by no excess." And Repeal might have won the day, says Lecky, if O'Connell had only lived another ten years or a fearful famine had not broken the spirit of his people.

Spreading over all of Europe in 1846, the famine wrought its greatest havoc in Ireland, because the Irish were least able to face it. It lasted for three years; and when the crops began to grow again in 1849, a total of 985,336 men, women, and children had died of starvation or starvation fever; and 1,180,409 had fled for their lives to England or America—so that in three years the population of Ireland fell from eight millions to six millions. . . . It was three years of unrelieved disaster. It was tragedy unspeakable. And in that fateful hour for Ireland, on the twenty-seventh of June, 1846, Charles Stewart Parnell was born.

Victory Vegetables

By EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

NOT much time for spring fever on the food front this year. There is more controversy about where to get the necessary manpower for production of foodstuffs than for any other war sinew. The call is out for 12,000,000 victory gardens in American towns and cities this spring, and current stricter rationing forcibly indicates to every householder the need of new sources of supply.

That is why the arrival of a series of short films on gardening and farming prepared by the British Ministry of Information is welcome news. After two weeks at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (February 20-March 5) they became available for nationwide circulation, both for 35 mm and 16 mm projectors.

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The first shots of the series employ a technique diametrically opposite to that of the highly-colored American seed catalogue. The stress is on work rather than its reward. "How to Dig" unrolls without apologies or furbelows. The well-set British gardener who wields spade, fork and measuring implements so competently never once turns toward the camera with a smile. Only once or twice does he pause to light a smoke. The commentator is equally restrained and the only element of humor is the introduction of a rather frumpy woman "beginner," who at first makes a few ineffectual passes with a spade. That garden plot must be dug and no waste motion!

However, the coldly methodical technique of trench digging has a certain charm. Besides, the gardener in his Scotch-type cap and scarf at the throat wields his simple implements with all the dexterity of an artist. The way the dirt and sod are removed to make the material from one trench fit exactly into the next is rather neat, with sod and dirt from the first excavation saved right up to the last so that the final trench can be filled without cartage. It is methodical and efficient.

American householders intending to turn a sunny patch of backlawn into a victory garden this spring will note with interest the way the sod is cut each time into neat, spade-length squares and piled up for throwing into the bottom of the adjacent trench. Next the trench is dug to a spade-length's depth throughout. Finally the trench is forked to another spade-depth with a sturdy pitchfork. This process, known as "double-digging," is essential in preparing new ground for cultivation; before planting the soil must be loosened to two spade depths. Loosening up the soil to a similar depth in the old flower bed is not quite so back-breaking, but it must be done. Whether or not manure is dug into the soil at this first stage depends on what is to be planted and the type and condition of the soil. The OWI, by the way, stresses the importance of first finding out whether the soil in your backyard can grow things so that fertilizer, seed, insecticide and elbow grease are not wasted.

Judging from these British films this first test of the would-be victory gardener is by far the most arduous (although some people may know a nearby farmer with a plow). Once the plot is dug, the project gets to be much more fun and the chances are good of meeting successfully the other tests of strength and patience and dexterity. The second film, "Sowing and Planting," for instance, calls for leveling the ground with a wooden rake and treading with the feet. An iron rake completes the process. Stakes and strings insure the planting of the various seeds in straight rows. To plant parsnips the gardener uses a hoe and takes care to throw the dirt on either side of the shallow furrow he makes. After the seed is in, he and his wife shuffle slowly along the rows forcing the dirt from both sides over the furrow and packing it down a little. During this operation women who have Russian-type boots similar to the heroine's in this picture will make a particularly beguiling spectacle. Planting potatoes with their sprouts pointed toward the sky and working the beds into ridges is a rather complicated process. And the commentator strongly recommends the planting of potatoes in newly-broken ground.

The British garden film series then skips by a lot of hazards. Presumably the attacks of weeds and insect pests, and the simple but important duties of cultivating and watering do not need to be explained so graphically. How to handle them can be found in a dozen or more current American garden books, as they undoubtedly are included in literature from the Department of Agriculture in Washington, the leaflets of the British Ministry of Agriculture and the literature of the Royal Horticultural Society. Where these films are invaluable is in arousing interest, putting in tangible terms what will be expected of the prospective producer of food for victory and in supplementing the good books and manuals already at hand.

Film 3 is "Storing Vegetables." A striking example is runner beans, which look like giant American string beans. After they are washed and cut and the strings removed, layers of beans are placed in a large earthen crock interspersed with heavy layers of salt. It is all topped off by another generous layer of salt and the lid is closed. (The technique we know requires the addition of water at the end.) In a few days the beans sink toward the bottom enough to allow a final layer of beans topped with salt before the crock is put away. It is a thirst-inducing performance, but the story is that the beans will last all winter and if soaked sufficiently in water from the tap will taste as good as fresh.

Stringing onions from the ceiling looks like another amusing pastime. A good fat onion is firmly tied to the bottom of a stout rope. Then a cluster of four or five onions, fastened together by their topknots, are slipped down to rest on this anchor and succeeding clusters are added one after another. These are the final steps in a process which includes bending the stalks so that the onions get the most sun, drying out the bulbs on the ground after they have been pulled and cutting off the stalks and all extraneous matter. Beets, turnips and carrots are also easily stored in a dry shed; between each layer of root vegetables comes a layer of sand. Green tomatoes may be ripened by wrapping them in newspaper.

Much more amusing and spectacular is "Storing Vegetables Outdoors." It brings back on a giant scale the castles in the sand of childhood days. This is markedly true in potato storing. A shal-

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low circular bed is dug and lined with straw. Potatoes are piled into this to the height of three or four feet. Then straw is packed around them, the straw stalks up and down to carry off the rains. A few strands bent in the middle are placed over the top to simulate a roof gable. Then a four-inch coating of dirt is packed around the heap leaving only the thatched apex of the pyramid showing. (It seems that potatoes sweat and must be allowed time to cool off, with plenty of ventilation.) In a few days a couple more tufts of straw are added to the top for breathing purposes and the whole is covered with dirt except for the final wisps just mentioned. With its trench or moat all round, its smooth dirt walls from four to eight inches thick and its gleaming tufts of straw, the potato clamp looks like nothing so much as a large-scale realization of a boyhood dream.

A carrot clamp repeats the process on a lesser scale, but here the geometrical configurations provide an added attraction. Tips of the carrots point inward and the interstices are filled with sand. The straw is placed perpendicular to the ground and then covered with dirt so that only a small tuft waves at the top. Trench, dirt walls pressed smooth with a spade and straw banner are all there. It is unfortunate that these clamps will not withstand most severe winter conditions and therefore are not feasible in all sections of the United States.

For the more adventuresome suburbanite the next step forward is keeping chickens. And in "More Eggs" the British commentator really cuts loose for once. His principal advice is to contact the local poultry club and he spends most of the time making "cracks" in a lively Cockney accent about the various birds. He recommends a chicken house built with a southern exposure. If the hens don't finish what is fed them in a half hour, take the food away. It is good to place their food so that they have to reach for it. For a good laying hen length and breadth of back are important. Their legs should feel like a lady's kid glove. The commentator chortles when he shows a scrawny, battered group of birds, "Why, I could lay eggs better than those birds, myself." He brings Maisie, Florence and other hens close to the camera admiring or criticizing, as the case may be, their eyes, combs, torsos, feathers. He has a thoroughly enjoyable time. His interest in his work also wins the audience.

In this short treatise I shall not go into the farming series, parts of which (particularly "Winter on the Farm") are more spectacular than the garden group. The films described above are propaganda; they are aimed at greater war production now, and a more abundant life in the peace to come. This country will greatly benefit if they are widely shown.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN THIS COLUMN last week, I quite inadequately dealt with the late and (may I express it so?) not to be lamented Mother Margaret Bolton, of the Cenacle, and with the really marvelous work of our nuns, both cloistered and active. In a sense vital to any appreciation of the full truth of the feminine influence in American Catholicism, what I had to say was inadequate not only in reference to its immediate subject, but even more so in regard to the subject as a whole. Nothing was said about the part played in the developing forces of American Catholicism by the vast multitude of laywomen.

This week, my remarks will be addressed to that subject. Again, I hope for a friendly understanding with my readers to the effect that only mere suggestions, only frail fragments of the marvelous mosaic that a really finished picture of that theme ought to be can be offered in this place. My general hope is that some less hurried writer may tackle one of the really great subjects offered to a competent scribe of our day in the United States.

Perhaps only a novelist should attempt the task. Not through any suggestion from a journalist, but moved by his own inner impulse: as, for example, Franz Werfel was when he composed "The Song of Bernadette," or Huysmans, when he gave us his great trilogy; or our own American Willa Cather, in "Death Comes to the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock."

There is one stiff difficulty, however, for such a writer to face and overcome as best he may, with the help, of course, of that most powerful of all feminine influences, the Blessed Virgin-Mother, Mary—invoked under the title by which she is best known and honored in our country. It is the problem of deciding whether he should write about some great and valiant figure among the greater heroines of American Catholic laywomen; or a group of such women; or whether he should not rather celebrate, and make known, and give due honor to that great multitude whom no tongue can accurately number (here on earth), of the Catholic mothers and wives and spinsters, to the uncloistered virgins, rich or middling well-to-do, so many of them, but the far greater number always of the anonymous and usually disregarded poor. The humble folk, the masses, the people. Those poor whom we always have with us.

Talk to parish priests who really know their people, and from them you may draw—provided they don't think you are merely looking for copy for your prying pen, but believe you are genuinely interested in genuine souls—stories of hidden sanctity. Heroines of the most exquisite purity; strong champions of the will-to-love Love Itself instead of any of the human or earth-bound images, reflections or similitudes, true or false, or commingled of truth and falsity, of the real Lover of Souls.

They will tell you, also, whose hard-earned money it has been that has chiefly built the vast network of cathe-

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drals and parish churches and mission chapels and hospitals and schools and universities that covers our land. Not only the money they themselves earned, often in the most dreary drudgeries—especially in the earlier immigrant days of so many of the Catholic races or nations from which our now unifying American life, like our Catholicism, were drawn, but the money which they saw to it, bluntly, rough-tongued at times, but generally through their silent influence, through their suggestions, even more through their prayers, that their men-folk also should give to Mother Church in America.

Then consider the ever-expanding network of laywomen's societies, sodalities, clubs, forums, special enterprises, extending almost as widely as the national network (both nets employed by Peter the Fisherman in his Master's ceaseless searching of all the waters of life for souls) of our ecclesiastical institutions.

Simply as a hasty pendant to this hasty and over-simplified sketch of an over-mastering subject, consider—as just now should chiefly be considered—the war work being done by American Catholic laywomen, under the able generalship of Miss Anne Sarachon Hooley as national director, by the women's division of the National Catholic Community Service. Their tradition of War Service stems directly from the splendid pioneering efforts of the first World War's American Catholic laywomen, led then by Mrs. Millar, mother of Father Millar, the Jesuit scholar and expert on the well-springs of modern Democracy. It was chiefly inspired by the genius of that path-breaking giant of a priest, the late Father John J. Burke, of the Paulist Fathers. Our laywomen in the first World War fared forth and proceeded valiantly. Near the front lines of the fighting in France, and in hundreds of camps at home, they set up the high standard which Miss Hooley and her far larger army of American laywomen is advancing to even greater heights of achievement. And on a far wider front. In a far greater war. In what is in truth the greatest war of all ages. With greater issues depending upon its outcome than any other war since Lucifer raised the banner of war and revolution against Michael and the hosts of the true servants of peace.

The Women's Division of the National Catholic Community Service trains and sends out women directors and assistants to direct USO activities, in the particular areas "designated" to it, by the National USO. The Women's Division now operates one hundred and eight such "designations" throughout the length and breadth of the United States. It operates on the following principles:

(1) That the morale of the Man-in-Uniform depends largely upon the morale of the women with whom he is associated—his mother, wife, fiancée, sister. These, too, have been lifted out of home environments, finding themselves in strange war communities whither they have followed their "boy," without friends or recreational resources.

(2) That women and men workers in war-production plants are in a sense as important to the outcome of the war as are the soldiers. That it is as important to uphold their morale, since they too have frequently left home far behind to serve their country, and likewise face all the disadvantages of the "stranger in a strange land." Many of the workers have enlisted in dangerous war jobs, impelled by patriotic rather than mercenary motives. They are bravely and quietly facing hazards unknown to the public, and upon which no halo of glory rests.

(3) That their program should extend as well to the WAACS, the WAVES, the SPARS; to Army nurses, to women working as clerks and secretaries at the camps; as laundresses, waitresses, etc. That the service man should at all times be served, but that the recreational program should be so arranged as also to permit joint recreational activities for service men and their women, and for men and women war production workers.

(4) Most important of all: That the concern of the USO should not be for *"morale"* alone, but should also be for the *morals* of all these transplanted human beings, who are experiencing the disorganization of usual routines, and the disruption of normal values, occasioned by war.

SCREEN

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The Stage & Screen

Lady in the Dark

"LADY IN THE DARK," Moss Hart's perennial success presented anew by Sam H. Harris in the largest theater in town, is here for a limited engagement. No reason appears why it should not go on indefinitely provided Gertrude Lawrence continues her contribution of beauty, intensity, sophistication and, perhaps above all, physical endurance. She is always on stage and never out of focus. She sings, dances, weeps, writhes and shifts from mood to mood as rapidly as flowing consciousness moves unconnectedly among chance images. The drama of this musical intrigues intelligence. Suffering from unreasonable anxiety, Liza Elliott seeks help from a psychoanalyst. The content of her reveries and dreams is the stuff of the play. In music and fantasy plus straight acting Liza searches for power chiefly but not wholly in love.

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Effective defeats of her drive for power lead her to accept in the world of reality such substitutes as she can find, but subconsciously she never considers the substitutes permanent satisfactions of her power hunger. When situated so that she must choose not only to accept the second best but to be reconciled to it, she develops her anxiety complex. The final resolution of the tensions thus created is accomplished by a rather conventional method consisting in her free acceptance of a subordinate rôle.

The idea of matching the resources of a musical to the ripe extravagances of a spinning dream world and of reserving straight drama for use by the same characters in the solid outside world was happy to find its way into the hands of Moss Hart. He has written and with his collaborators has used nearly every external help of the stage to make a good play come close to perfection. Apart from its novelty in theme and originality in structure, this play would be worth seeing if it had nothing beyond Gertrude Lawrence. Fortunately, it has also an excellent supporting cast including Richard Hale, Eric Brotherson and Margaret Dale. Add lyrics by Ira Gershwin, music by Kurt Weill, lighting by Hassard Short, gowns by Hattie Carnegie and choreography by Albertina Rasch, and you are not wrong if you conclude that this is today the best show in town. *(At the Broadway.)*

Home Is Where You Hang Your Hat

HAVING seen the excellent Saroyan short, "The Good Job," I went to his full-length feature with great expectations. I'm sorry to say I came away somewhat disappointed. Perhaps I expected too much, because I am a Saroyan fan. (You either are or aren't and there's no use arguing about it). The ten-minute short was full of Saroyan and it made you feel good. *"The Human Comedy"* is full of Saroyan and full of the milk of human andsoforth. But it is a long picture; and 115 minutes of human andsoforth makes the cup run over and you wonder if all this goodness isn't gushing. I wish the film had been shorter and one character, Mr. Macauley, had been omitted. Mr. Macauley, already dead for two years, starts the picture off by hovering over what's coming; he tells about his family whom he loves so much. He tells about Ithaca, California which he loves so much. This "Our Town" narrator is unnecessary because this simple human tale could stand on its own feet without the help of a Greek chorus.

"What's the movie about?" everyone asks. Well, "The Human Comedy" is about lots of things. It's about goodness and love; it's about loneliness, singing, praying, music, home, family, death and life. It has no ordinary boy-meets-girl plot. But it has boys and girls and romance. It has mainly the Macauley family: the good, wise mother (Fay Bainter), the college daughter (Donna Reed) and the three sons—idealistic Marcus (Van Johnson) who is in the army and who plays an accordion and who wills his belongings to Homer (Mickey Rooney), the adolescent son who goes to high school and works as a Postal Telegraph messenger because he's the man of the house, the breadwinner of the family as well as father to the youngest son, Ulysses (Jack Jenkins), a cute and unaffected little freckled question-box. It's also about other Ithaca people: Tom Spangler (James Craig) who could be Saroyan with his unconventional point of view and big heart; and Diana Steed (Marsha Hunt) the wealthy and pretty girl he marries; and old Willie Grogan (Frank Morgan) the telegrapher who drinks too much—but who are we to condemn him, because through his hands and head pass all the messages at the telegraph office. The film is about lots of people, the little people, the good people, the rich, poor, happy, lonely, sick, kindly people. William Saroyan has a way of forgetting the evil people. Perhaps he doesn't believe there are any. The only character who approaches a bad person is the athletic coach at high school who is a snob and liar.

This film was produced and directed by Clarence Brown who must have loved the Saroyan theme of goodness because he has protrayed it well. Occasionally Brown forgets to let his movie move; but when it stands still, its characters talk good Saroyan talk. Howard Estabrook wrote the screenplay from Saroyan's original script which was also the basis for the recently published novel. Brown has directed his cast beautifully; and for guiding that splendid young actor, Mickey Rooney, in one of the best performances of his career, he deserves high praise. Several of the film's sequences are superb: the scene in the library with its exciting feeling for the awe of books, the completely daffy and unreal scene in which the three soldiers pick up the two girls for some harmless fun, the beautifully handled episode in which Homer takes to his own family the unhappy telegram beginning, "The Department of War regrets to inform you that your son. . . ." Three of the film's best scenes belong to little Jack Jenkins: his wonderment at life as he communicates with the gopher, his love of people as he waves to the Negro on the train who responds to his greeting, his learning for

STAGE

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the first time what fear is. For one who was a bit disappointed by "The Human Comedy," I seem to have found a lot in it I liked. I'll admit it's powerfully sentimental, and it will probably make you cry, but you won't shed sad tears, they'll be happy tears. I guess I liked "The Human Comedy" very much, and am only disappointed because it isn't perfect.

"Forever and a Day" is the movie that Hollywood's English contingent have been planning for so long. They've done well, considering the number of fingers that were in the pie. Some of the film is dull, but most of it is extremely interesting; and the last half is brilliantly directed and will move even the most antipathetic audiences. It has a star-studded cast (many of whom play only small roles but subject themselves to the whole) and an impressive list of producers, directors and scriptwriters. Most, but not all, of those connected with the film are English; the entire group donated their services; and the net profits will go to various charities.

"Forever and a Day" tells the story of the old Trimble-Pomfret house that a young American Pomfret (Kent Smith) hopes to get rid of by selling to the present English Miss Trimble (Ruth Warrick). Because the American speaks disparagingly of the venerable old house, the English woman puts him in his place by relating its history and anecdotes about its many inhabitants. It was built in 1804 by doughty Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith) whose son (Ray Milland) is killed at Trafalgar; then bought by mean, scheming Ambrose Pomfret (Claude Rains) to get revenge on the Admiral's son for protecting and marrying his ward (Anna Neagle). In 1845 Pomfret's grandson (Ian Hunter) marries a Trimble (Jessie Matthews) and the families become united. The chronicle includes the amusing first-bathtub incident in 1847, and the reactions of the effete, Victorian Trimble-Pomfrets in '97 to the Diamond Jubilee. One of the best incidents shows this generation's housemaid (Ida Lupino) being courted by an impecunious Trimble (Brian Aherne) who takes his bride to America. In the film's most emotional episode their son (Robert Cummings) comes in 1917 to visit the place which is now a high-class boarding house. Perhaps the finest acting in this film, which has many excellent though short portrayals, is done in this sequence by Gladys Cooper and Roland Young, two boarders whose son has just been killed in France. Some might complain that the teariness and emotion are held too long at such a high pitch, but none will be unmoved.

By the time the camera brings us back again to the present, our American Pomfret is convinced that a house is more than bricks and mortar. Then the air raid that started at the film's beginning gets worse. The house is bombed. The two young people, between whom a romance has started, go through the wreckage, decide to rebuild the house together—for shelter, happiness, dignity, everything that a home stands for. While the theme displays the British in a favorable light, it is not just a paean of praise to their virtues. I do wish films would stop portraying young American men as brash, rude flirts who always rush in and fall for English girls. Nevertheless this otherwise admirable film ends on a note of unity and hope. The cast includes Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall, May Whitty, Richard Haydn, Merle Oberon, Elsa Lanchester, Edward Everett Horton and many others whose names and faces will be familiar to you. While "Forever and a Day" is not the best example, it is a successful realization of the episodic *tour de force* in which a collection of anecdotes is hung gracefully on a single thread.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

THE WORLD OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM. *Maurice Samuel. Knopf.* $3.00.

ECONOMICS IN UNIFORM. *Albert T. Lauterbach. Princeton.* $3.00.

Within a Jewish Pale

IN a world long since secularized, where life revolves around material, ephemeral things, it is virtually impossible to discover any sizable group of people whose way of life itself is an actualization of deep religious beliefs. To find such a society, where religion is the motivation, we must go to primitive man, protected from the modern world by vast distances or inaccessibility of terrain. It was not always so, and in this sense, though imperfectly, the Middle Ages did represent a real peak of human achievement. True culture in the Dawson sense must be the reflection of a vital, commonly-held religious belief.

Two generations ago, south and west and east of Kiev, in the Jewish Pale of Settlement fixed by the Russian Czar, there existed a society such as we are describing. And many of its descendants live on in the United States today. One of its most notable marks was a love of life—a love so strong that "living was meaningless without the creation of more life." Not only were large families the rule, but it was considered sinful to remain unmarried. Hence the importance of the marriage broker, who had so key a role in the creation of more life; hence the tradition that widows and widowers should marry again within twelve months.

This love of life is all the more extraordinary when the harsh character of their existence is considered. Forbidden to till the soil, crowded into towns, these exiles had no Yiddish words for many of the most common flowers, trees, mammals, birds, fishes and many natural phenomena. "Not for you the fresh air, the open world and the clear sky." Poverty was widespread and yet the people boldly accepted that grinding poverty. And the community managed so that during the eight-day Passover celebration those who had were able to feed those who had not the whole week long; there was no family which provided only for itself.

Sabbaths and festivals were the occasion for genuine rejoicing and all the force in the world could not compel a Jew of the Krasielevky community to violate a Sabbath observance that was so strict that he was not permitted even to tear a piece of paper on that day. Boys and girls conscious of their exile, their oppression and the religious significance of what they did, did not romp and play or give way to sheer animal spirits as young people do here today. But the Sabbaths and festivals "were also the playgrounds of the children." In somewhat the same way as we relive the lives of our greatest Saints as that

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cycle of the Liturgy unfolds, so too the Krasielevky Jews relived the history of the Chosen People in the Old Testament and dwelt lovingly upon such drama as the deliverance from the Egyptians at the Red Sea. Prayer and ritual were deeply interwoven with the daily business of living.

It is gone now, this highly conscious religious way of life, so isolated that learning was not permitted to include non-Jewish books. Only the Kaddish, that series of psalms in praise of God which sons and daughters all offer for their deceased parents, lives on with many American descendants as a reminder of a world long past. And Maurice Samuel contrasting in passing the two attitudes toward card-playing as a symbol of cultural disintegration of this people, makes an observation that should trouble every serious observer of American metropolitan life: "When games become an obsession, when they are played not for relaxation but under the pressure of a compulsion neurosis, we know that we are in the presence of a disintegrating society or group." As Mr. Samuel paints them from the chronicles of Sholem Aleichem the Jews of Krasielevky were for all their religious consciousness anything but pale ascetics. They were stubborn and resourceful and nearly always managed; their courage and confidence in God's providence are a challenge to the modern world.

Economics and Spaghetti

WE RECENTLY attended a spaghetti dinner, a really wonderful dinner, garnished with chianti and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (courtesy of WQXR). About half way through the second helping and the third movement, however, a discordant note arose: three of the guests—a lawyer, a musician and a journalist—got involved in a warm discussion of sales tax vs. income tax.

All three of them scowled, interrupted, gesticulated and pontificated with the combined authority and assurance of a fascist dictator, a Trotskyite, and a rug salesman. But the journalist couldn't help thinking (to himself) that there was a remarkably wide spread between his own outward assurance and his inward grasp of the intimate details of the tax problem. And he wondered idly if there wasn't perhaps a similar spread—though much smaller, of course—in the case of his friends, and if so, why they all insisted on boring the ladies to a crisp and shattering the surface of that deep and delightful stupor brought on by the consumption of large quantities of really wonderful spaghetti.

The answer, we imagine, is that these three men more or less consciously realized how very important taxation is in this day and age, and also, indirectly, how terribly important, how profoundly basic is this whole dull, deadly, devastating subject of economics. Sink or swim, spaghetti or no spaghetti, they knew that sooner or later they must face economic issues and grapple with economic problems, and either throw or be thrown thereby. And so they struggled through the stupor and the night.

Until recently the great economic decisions were made by big business men, and the dimensions of our lives and liberties were mostly determined in the bepaneled and becarpeted offices of Wall Street and equivalent thoroughfares. Part of the equipment of these gentlemen was the smokescreen of business jargon, the oblique statistic and the opaque vocabulary, behind which they proceeded to milk the country very handsomely indeed, thank you.

Now it appears that they still want, just as passionately

"This Publishing Business"

THOMAS AND TODAY

The first Sunday of this month of March was the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. On the Monday—that being as close as a publisher can work to Sunday—ESSAYS IN THOMISM was published. Father Robert Brennan, O.P., widely known for his own writings in Psychology, persuaded fifteen of St. Thomas's pupils to make some such Survey of the problems of today as their master might have made if this had been his century.

In the solution of any problem there are two things to be considered: the problem itself and the mind which is trying to solve it. It has never been wise to neglect the mind: it would be sheer folly now when the mind is itself one of the problems. It is the unhappy tragedy of the modern man that as his problems have crowded in more multifariously upon him, he has been less and less sure of his own mind. Reality has been threatening to drown him and he has been wondering if he can so much as be aware of reality. For this reason two of these Essays, by Rudolf Allers and John K. Ryan, treat of the mind—perhaps the truly admirable "Essay on Prudence" by Charles O'Neil should be named in this group.

The problems—as distinct from the mind which faces them—fall into two groups: perennial and contemporary. Outstanding among the "perennials" are Jacques Maritain's "Reflections on Necessity and Contingency" (its opening phrase is more like the opening of a poem "When a certain bee visits a certain rose at a certain instant of time"); "The Nature of the Angels" by John O. Riedl (late of Marquette, now of the U. S. Navy); and a notably profound essay by Anton Pegis on "The Dilemma of Being and Unity."

The remaining essays look directly at the life we are now, according to our various temperaments, living or enduring. Here the samplings (for such a survey can only be by samplings) are especially significant—Law, Economics, Politics, Education and Art. It is in this section of the book that the vitality and actuality of Thomism are most evident. Men facing the most urgent problems of their own day with the philosophy of a man who, had he lived on, would now be 720, might easily have been like Sinbad burdened and half strangled by the Old Man of the Sea. But clearly Thomism is not a burden that these men have to carry but a power that carries them. Naturally they are not trying to tell us what St. Thomas said about the problems of the twentieth century. The object of Thomism is not Thomas but Reality: the reward of studying Thomas is not a knowledge of Thomas but an intimacy with Reality. The object of all these essays is suggested in a phrase from Mortimer Adler's "Question about Law": "St. Thomas has given us enough to enable us to do a job which, under the exigencies of his life and times, he was not called upon to do." It is in this spirit that Adler himself inquires what is lacking in St. Thomas's almost miraculous Treatise on Law that prevents modern thinkers from accepting it; Mgr. John A. Ryan relates the Economic Philosophy of Aquinas to Pius XI's concept of Social Justice; Yves Simon looks "Beyond the Crisis of Liberalism"; Fr. Walter Farrell, O.P., tries to foresee "The Fate of Representative Government"; Fr. Robert Slavin, O.P., considers the state of Education; and Immanuel Chapman the dilemmas of Art—for though he calls his essay "The Perennial Theme of Beauty," it belongs in this group on contemporary problems: to many its treatment of James Joyce's theory of art will be the most fascinating thing in the book: though, on second thoughts, readers of that taste will find most fascinating of all the rhythmed Epilogue by Herbert Schwartz on Knowing and on Wisdom. FJS

"ESSAYS IN THOMISM," Edited by Robert Brennan, O.P. pp. 427. Price $5.00

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and hungrily as ever, to resume their little shell game at the old stand, and it also appears that a confused and befuddled electorate, crazy to lose its money, might be persuaded to allow them to do so. All the more important does it become for defenders of the faith, defenders of justice in these matters, to submit their bodies and minds to the grueling discipline of economics. Reading the average book on this subject is like swimming underwater through a sea of brown cotton. It is a cruel job, but worth it, for only by a firm grasp of principles *and* practice can we ever hope to best the champions of organized plunder.

"Economics in Uniform" by Albert T. Lauterbach is a pretty good book, a lighter shade of cotton than most, and valuable if you want to know all about the war economies of nazi Germany, England, and America, and what effect these have had on the old system of *laissez faire* competition. The viewpoint seems fairly sound, although Mr. Lauterbach appears to have no clear idea of the relation of justice and ethics to economics. He reminds us that perhaps one (possible) good effect of nazi domination of Europe is its smashing of all the tariff walls and clearing of the ground for at least an economic union which, once the Allies have won the war, can be based on human decency. An interesting thought.

More basic and interesting, however, for the general reader would be such older works as Father John Cronin's excellent text-book "Economics and Society," Thurman Arnold's slightly unsound, but still clever and valuable "The Folklore of Capitalism," and the long, tough but invaluable report of Senator O'Mahoney's Temporary National Economic Committee on "The Concentration of Economic Power." Read 'em and weep—and remember.

More Books of the Week

Intercultural Education in American Schools. William E. Vickery and Stewart G. Cole. Harper. $2.00.

THIS VOLUME is the first of a projected series of manuals to help public school teachers—and ultimately their pupils—to deal realistically with the problem of intercultural and interracial tensions in America. Written jointly by the editorial secretary and director of the Service Bureau for Intercultural Education, its main theses are that intergroup conflicts threaten the well-being of the nation as a whole and that these conflicts can be lessened, if not eliminated, by a carefully planned educational program.

This is no time to sit passively by and watch the war effort being handicapped and the peace sabotaged by racial and cultural prejudice, its authors warn. Singling out the Negro-white situation as the most disturbing problem facing American educators, they assert: "In a few short years the United Nations must translate into action and reality the provisions of the Atlantic Charter. This we cannot do if our present attitudes towards other races, nations, creeds and classes are perpetuated unchanged. Education is our hope."

Seeking a compromise between assimilationism (conform or be ostracized) and cultural pluralism (the right to be different), the authors elaborate a program based instead on "cultural democracy," which they define as an attempt to develop culture traits which all Americans should have in common, eliminating group patterns of thought and action contrary to democratic principles. Analyzing the need for intercultural education, they proceed to outline objectives and techniques that teachers will find practical in classroom work.

The manual is prolific in suggestions and ideas for teachers equipped and willing to face the problem of combatting prejudices and misunderstandings. While social studies supervisors and teachers should take the lead in such projects, teachers in other departments must also contribute to promote intercultural understanding. "Subject matter in almost any field can and has been used," the manual states, "to promote inter-group understanding." Reading to provide information on race and culture problems, field trips to bring individuals into direct contact with people whose customs differ from their own, exhibits of folk-arts and handicrafts, the cooperation of all groups to promote the welfare of the community, the radio and the discussion platform, are all avenues to a broader concept of brotherhood and intercultural appreciation on the part of pupils.

The successful community-school program launched by Dr. John Granrud, superintendent of schools, at Springfield in 1939 comes to mind as a practical demonstration of the theories advanced by Messrs. Vickery and Cole, who emphasize that an intercultural program should be implemented by the efforts of the community through forums, community festivals and other techniques of adult education. Basic to the Springfield experiment is the belief that prejudices among children are reflections of forces outside the school and that a program for democracy must not, therefore, be designed solely for the children in the schools but must reach the parents and the adult world which condition the child's environment and thinking. This viewpoint is frequently iterated in the present work in its discussion of community-school approaches to local problems of intergroup friction and bias.

The educational proposals that make up the bulk of this manual are based on the principle of acculturation, a term used in contrast to assimilation or Americanization to describe "the slower, less painful and more democratic process" of peaceful merger of minority groups into the majority culture. "At no time is it presumed that any one group will succeed in forcing others to adopt its way of life entirely; rather, in the give-and-take process of interaction it is presumed that all will and must modify some of their culture traits. Cultural adjustments are rarely if ever easy, involving as they do profound psychological changes in every individual. It is the task of educators to make each period of transition as free from personal frustration, and as peaceful, serene, and democratic as possible." THOMAS F. DOYLE.

Heathen Days. H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $3.00.

ANOTHER installment of Mr. Mencken's memoirs suggests rather more noticeably than the earlier issues that they are better taken homeopathically, in small doses. Several of those included in the present collection were first printed in the *New Yorker,* where they produced their full and authentic effect. Others of equal merit are here presented—but the note (to one reader at least) is too long sustained; one discovers that he can weary of some of Mr. Mencken's prejudices, no matter how engaging they may be in themselves, or how aptly expressed. And there is worse to come—what to think of the aesthetic perceptions of a man who concludes a long chapter on Rome in which there is no single reference to its beauty by telling us that he went next to Munich, "that beautiful

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city!" Nor does one obtain a more pleasing impression of his taste in general from his account of the adventure engaged in by himself and three of his friends who, under the protective covering of a party of poor Austrian peasants, made their way into the private apartments of the Pope, received his blessing with the others, and then returned to their hotel to crow over their Catholic fellow-passengers, who, if they aspired to the privilege of a reception at the Vatican, would be compelled to wait weary weeks under a broiling sun.

But Mr. Mencken, it must be remembered, is out to shock the public. That is his *métier,* or one of them. (Happily he has several others, equally, or shall we say better, worth while.) And to carry out this foremost of his lines he does not always spurn the methods of American Humor in its great tradition as exemplified in the exploits, for instance, of such immortals as Artemus Ward and Josh Billings—not in their language, of course, far from it, but in the spirit of happy irreverence which was wont to inform their dream. Mr. Mencken's habitual intemperance of expression is a more personal factor in the attainment of the same result, and it doesn't mean that he is a bad fellow, not at all! J. K. PAULDING.

The Great Learning and The Mean-in-Action. E. R. Hughes, M. A. Dutton. $2.00.

THIS BOOK contains 176 pages. The text of the Mean-in-Action and of The Great Learning along with the notes of the author (notes are almost as extensive as the text) covers 63 pages. Four introductory chapters and six appendices make up the book.

The introductory chapters attempt to show the relevancy today of these Chinese works. To me, this relevancy is discussed and carried on in the light of the following words of the author, p. 55: "There would seem to be a peculiarly severe nemesis attached to the narrowing of life to fit the Procrustean bed of a long-established set of dogmas. I am tempted to use the mysterious saying in the New Testament about 'the sin against the Holy Ghost' which 'shall not be forgiven.' The sin is the self-satisfied conviction that all truth has been revealed to my society, my Church, to me." Nature, Reason, and Religion are measured by that principle. The author, Reader in Chinese Philosophy and Religion in the University of Oxford, has the following in his preface: "The end of this preface contains its kernel. It is the confession of a darling prejudice. I do not believe that religion is first and foremost a matter of making certain assumptions about the universe and its origin, drawing certain well-reasoned conclusions, and so arriving at correct knowledge about the Author of this universe. Neither is religion primarily a matter of well-trained emotions and aspirations about certain lofty ideals of conduct and certain hopes of a good time coming for good people. First and foremost, what a man (or a nation) does, not what he thinks and feels, in the face of the major mysteries and uncertainties, of any unexpected and vast exhilaration of joy or shattering distress of mind which cuts in athwart the fabric of his daily life and starts it weaving a different pattern: that is the core of his religion" (p. vii). The author refers to the Christian Religion as "a new universal religion from a Semitic country" (p. 38); "a movement started by a young carpenter" (p. 43).

The notes of the author do make the text of these Chinese works more intelligible to the Western mind. The contents of these works are thought-provoking and

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expressed in a novel way. The author worked hard to give a faithful translation of the Chinese.

It is not difficut to understand how and why the author could say that "M. Maritain has written what seems to me an unpardonably prejudiced study of Rousseau in his 'Three Reformers,' London, 1936" footnote, p. 31.

LEO MELANCON.

Dr. Rudolph Bolling Teusler. Howard Chandler Robbins and George K. MacNaught. Scribner. $2.00.

BOOKS dealing with Japan are today among the best sellers, and here is one we can ill afford to miss. It is more than the biography of an individual; it is, as its subtitle states, "An Adventure of Christianity," an American venture among the people of Japan.

Rudolf Teusler grew up in Georgia and Virginia. He owed much to a gifted Prussian father and a beautiful, spirited Southern mother. His father died when Rudolf was five. Judge Bolling, Mrs. Teusler's brother, opened his home to the young widow. The Judge was a staunch Episcopalian, and his influence on his nephew's character was considerable. We meet also Mary Stuart Woodward of Virginia, who as Dr. Teusler's wife shared gladly all his pioneering efforts in Japan.

Had Rudolf Teusler remained in the United States, he would undoubtedly have become one of the foremost medical men of our country. He preferred a more daring service of Christianity. Beginnings in Tokyo were made in a flimsy one-room hut, and minus practically all equipment.

From the time of his arrival in Japan, in 1900, to his death in 1934, this great medical missionary forged ahead against all odds. He was forced to make frequent trips to the United States to plead for funds. The earthquake of 1923 laid the hospital buildings in utter ruin. In the latter part of his life, his own health steadily declined.

Faith in his cause and dauntless courage won the day. Other potent reasons for his success were his keen appreciation of his co-workers and his deep love of the Japanese people. St. Luke's International Medical Center in Tokyo is today outstanding in equipment and organization. Doctor Teusler also revolutionized nurses' training and public health standards throughout Japan.

We could wish, perhaps, to read more of these Japanese themselves in this inspiring biography. Yet there gradually emerges from the recital a moving portrayal. We see their devotion to duty, their seriousness of purpose, their sensitive response to friendship.

"When we pass through eras of retrocession and discouragement and are looking yearningly for signs justifying optimism, we should consider the road already traversed and the heartening progress already made, and then look ahead," writes the former United States Ambassador to Tokyo, Joseph C. Grew, in the foreword of this book.

That Dr. Teusler went far in Japan upon the road of friendship and goodwill, it would be impossible to deny. The very nostalgia aroused in looking back over yesterday's span of highway is an indication of our inherent hope in its further progress.

SISTER JUST, M.A.

Mediaeval Art. C. R. Morey. Norton. $6.50.

AN EXCELLENT and thoughtful treatment, in the author's usual vein, of his special subject. No one interested in the field should miss it.

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The Inner Forum

Parochial Life

"FOR MANY a parishioner in our age this organic vision [of the parish] has been lost; for him it is only a sort of 'spiritual filling and service station' attended to by priests."

This is by and large the present situation in Catholic parishes, as viewed by Father H. A. Reinhold in a brilliant new pamphlet, "Our Parish," which has just been published by the Paulist Press for the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Diocese of Rochester.

Prepared as a text for discussion clubs, "Our Parish" is a learned, incisive, and moving description of just what a Catholic parish is and what it should be, of what goes on or should go on in a parish church, and in the homes of the parishioners, and in their hearts and minds. It should be required reading for every Catholic child, and it is highly recommended reading for every Catholic adult.

Father Reinhold is at his best and most eloquent in those sections that deal with the sacraments. After suggesting various ways in which the Catholic family can bring the Faith more practically into their homes, he asks: "If we do not 'coordinate' these things (prayer and the sacraments) into life, if the family does not show the unity of natural and supernatural life, how can we expect our young to avoid that fatal bi-secting of life which is the ruin of modern, secularized religion: live like everybody else and have religion just as the gilt edge on your book of life! Yet our faith should be a leaven, penetrating the whole lump of life."

There are all kinds of valuable things within the 64 pages of "Our Parish." There are interesting, little-known items about Church tradition, scraps of canon law as they affect parish life ("Normally a pastor is irremovable, which means he cannot be transferred unless he agrees or his transfer is made necessary by certain legal conditions"); there is discussion of fundamental points of doctrine, especially as regards the sacraments; there are appropriate and eloquent quotations from Scripture, the Missal, Divine Office and the Saints to illustrate and sharpen and enlarge the points made in the text.

There are many evidences in the American Church that a new vitality and a new awareness of liturgical and spiritual realities is spreading through the land. One of the most hopeful is this publication, under such official auspices, of Father Reinhold's remarkable little pamphlet.

CONTRIBUTORS

Georges BERNANOS, who writes from Brazil, is the author of "A Diary for Our Times," "The Diary of a Country Priest," and "Star of Satan," among other books. In this and the two articles to follow the opinions expressed are the author's and are not necessarily endorsed in full by the editors.

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